

seized with an idle curiosity to see if I could pass the gateman without a ticket. I did.

A train was just pulling out and the rear Pullman car door was open.

I was hit by that impulse to go somewhere, so I swung on. I didn't have the faintest idea of holding it up. I meant to climb to the deck (roof) and beat it East or somewhere—anywhere—I didn't care.

But the Pullman con and the porter came out on the rear platform and I pulled my gun and both the con and the con. threw up their hands. The con said "holdup!" and into my brain darted the idea of go-

ing through with it.

The train was barely out of the station, traveling slowly around the bluffs, and if either of those two chumps had made a grab for me or even sworn at me I would have jumped off.

But I sort of had to go through with it, so I marched them through the car ahead of me and went through the passengers, who shoved up before I told them to. I got \$24 and dropped off the train as it slowed down for a block signal.

And there's how "the most daring train robbery since the days of Jesse James" came about.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### OUR FIRST REAL QUARREL

#### Chapter CXLII.

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Dick and I have quarreled horribly and I feel now as though life could never be the same again.

Yesterday he went out with the Morrisons on a motor trip and dined at one of the suburbs. He did not get home until after two o'clock, and, although I could not see that he was under the influence of liquor, yet his breath was laden with the fumes of wine.

He made a lot of noise coming in, and when I opened my eyes he did not ask me if I were still sick, but began to tell me what a splendid time he had had; how stunning Mrs. Morris was and how clever her husband and the rest of the party were. He never mentioned who they were, but just now Eleanor Fairlow called me up and said she was very sorry I was not with the party last night, but she concluded that I was not seriously indisposed because Mr. Waverly had not seemed at all worried. I wonder why Dick did not tell me she was along.

This morning Dick was cross and I felt hurt and unhappy. My head was still aching, and by the way he drank

from the pitcher of ice water, which he rang for early, I surmised that his stomach had rebelled against its abuse.

"I am going out with Bob Morris tonight to play cards," he said quite casually just before he started to leave the room to go down to breakfast. As he did this he was feeling in his pockets as though to find his money. With elaborate carelessness he said: "By the way, Margie, have you any money? I don't want to sit in a game with Bob and his friends without money."

For a moment I was tempted to give him the twenty-dollar bill I had in my pocketbook. I thought of Annie and her speech on a somewhat similar occasion with her "man." "Ye would not have me shame him before his friends."

But I have found out that Dick's brother Jack is right, that sometimes "I can be as hard as nails," and so I answered promptly:

"No, I haven't any money that I don't need to use today."

Dick was furious and his ugly look made me add: "Besides, I cannot see why I should finance your gambling expeditions."

I was sorry the minute I said it,

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